HE KNOWS. Tis just as true That what you do Old Santa Claus He knows; because He knew about

"I looked inside— And, how I creed!— I found a whip, And on a slip Of paper, this: 'My little Miss You should obey!

You should obey;
Mamma alway;
Mat if you're tempted yet again
truly hope you will refrain
br pause, my little maid—ob! pause,
and think upon Old Santa Claus. " And then-'P. S.

My little Bess. Now put your hand Behind the stand. And when I did I found there, hid, My meest pair
Of stockings, where
He'd filled them full. Oh! dear! Such fun!
All knots and bobs and overrun.
With every kind of lovely thing.
I was so glad I had to sing.

" And in the too "And in the toe
I found, you know,
Another note
Old Santa wrote;
The very best
You ever guessed,
I read and read.
Hear what it said:
"All this is for my little friend
Who minds Mamma, and does no end
Of kind and pleasant deeds;
Does not forget, but always bonds."

es not forget, but always heeds."

"Now, don't you see That it must be Quite as I say? And, any way. I think we should Be very good. Not just because Old Santa Claus Knows all the things we ever do, And gives us pretty presents too, But 'coz it's right. I do believe. And so does my big brother. Steve."

BY WAY OF THE REGISTER.

-Lizzie Burt, in N. Y. Independent.

How Santa Claus Found His Way into the

What is Christmas without Santa Claus? It looked very much as if Jack and Effic Hillscombe were soon to find out what such a Christmas would be: for it was already Christmas Eve, and the house where the two children lived was filled with the usual good cheer, and all the bustle of preparing for the great event.

Papa Hillscombe sat in the big armchair putting on his slippers, and doing his best to imagine himself before the great log-fire he had known so well boy; for there were no grates in the Hillscombe house. Jack and Effie lived in a city where, at the time of my story, very few families had open fire-places in their houses; and little Effie had asked her papa, as she kissed him good-night: "Why, papa, how is Santa Claus goin' to det in when there is no fire-place?" This question really puzzled Papa Hillscombe, but he told the children that Santa Claus would find his way in, and that it would be

all right in the morning.

But after the children had gone to bed a queer look came over their papa's good-natured face, and it was plainly to be seen that he was thinking of little Effic's question.

It happened, too, that the children were not satisfied with the answer he had given them; and while papa was locking up the house for the night, and attending to the furnace, they were still exchanging opinions on this weighty subject from their little cots.

Suddenly Jack sat bolt upright. He had an idea! And in another moment he had toppled out of bed and made his way on tip-toe to Effic's cot.

A whispered consultation followed. and in a few minutes later both little cots were deserted, and two tiny white figures were creeping noiselessly down the staircase.

the doors were locked and all th windows closed, and papa was just shutting the iron door of the great furnace in the cellar, when he was startled by voices which seemed to come from the furnace itself. For a moment he amused himself with the fancy that Santa Claus was really making his way in by the furnace; then he thought he might have left a door unlocked.

The thoughts of Santa Claus or other less welcome visitors were, however soon forgotten when be heard the sound of children's voices, and found that it was Jack and Effic who were talking. Papa opened the furnace door again

and listened. They were evidently talking near the register, for what they said was plainly heard through the furnace-pipe by Papa Hillscombe. Jack was say

ing:
"O Effie! how can Santa Claus ever bwing my big sled through the wegis-

"Or my doll's house?" said Effie.

There was a pause, then Jack ex-claimed, triumphantly: "I know! let's take the top off.

"But," said Effie, "we're not bid enough." "Oh! you're only a dirl; I can do it."

Then followed quite a sfruggle be-tween Jack and the "wegister," but it was only after the "dirl" had come to his aid that Jack was able to lift iron plate; and then papa heard her say, in a solemn tone: "Do you fink, Jack, he could det a doll's house through dat?"

"Oh, Santa Claus can do anything!" was Jack's comforting reply.

The two little people were on their knees, peering intently down the dark opening, when suddenly they were startled by a voice, which seemed to come up through the hole in the floor. The voice said:

'It's time little children were in bed! Santa Claus can't bring his presents till everybody is fast asleep!"

The children could not ten the voice as it came up through the pipe, and with a cry of "He's cumming! Santa Claus is tumming!" two little figures in white scampered up-stairs and back

The next morning (as bright a Christmas Day as ever dawned) found two little figures, not in white this time, stan-ling over a pile of pretty presents heaped up around the register; among which might be seen a brightly-painted sleigh with "Effie and Jack," in big old letters, or the side, and a wonder-

ful three-story doll's house; and Jack was exclaiming in triumph: "Didn't I was exclaiming in triumph: "Didn't I tell you Santa Claus could do any-

So Santa Claus came into the Hillscombe parlor, after all, and it was Effie and Jack who settled for themselves the difficult question of how he was to get in.—St. Nicholas.

A GENUINE SPIDER STORY. How This Curious Insect Folds up Its

Web. There must be some insect lovers among the Tribune, 'Young Folks," and I want to tell them of a curious fact about spiders.

Some days since, while sitting on the porch enjoying the early morning. I noticed two beautiful spider webs among the vines. I have been fond of watching spirlers ever since I was a very little girl, incited thereto by my father having taken me into the den and shown me a large, brilliantly colored fellow that had made his web in a currant bush, and desiring me not to meddle with it. I have been interested in them, and bees and ants as well, ever since, and have watched them for a great many minutes at a

While looking, all at once I saw one of the spiders run from the center of the web drawing two threads together as he went: he unfastened the end and went back rolling up the thread; then he took the next two threads extending from the center, once doubling part of the web as I have seen the sails of a ship furled; this continued until the whole web was folded into a tiny packet, when he took it between his forelegs and hid himself under a leaf. Then I turned my attention to the other, and in a short time this performance was repeated, and he too went to his re-

As much as I have watched these insects I never saw anything of this kind before, nor have I ever read of such a thing. Several times during the morning I saw the spiders each under his chosen leaf and the next morning there were two webs as before. This time I couldn't watch the folding, but after breakfast I came out to look for them and they were both gone. The third morning there were two webs, and I saw one folded and after a time returned and found the other gone. This has been repeated nearly if not every day since until to-day, when there were no more webs to be seen. I have not seen them folded every day, but I have seen them spread and returning after a time found no trace of them. no one to disturb them and the work has been done by the curious little owner itself.—N. Y Tribunc.

MOSQUITOES.

How a Chicago Ananias Silenced His Competitors.

Jimson, the champion fish-story teller of the North Side; Pinney, the champion snake-story teller of the South Side, and a few others of lesser note, were assembled one evening last week, when the spirit moved Jimson to speak.

"I have heard a good deal about New Jersey mosquitoes," he said, musingly, "but I never took much stock in the stories until this summer."

"What changed your opinion?" inquired a quiet little fellow in the back of the crowd.

"Well, I was down in the southern part of New Jersey visiting an old farmer. One night we heard a terrible bellowing, and the old man took his gun and we sallied out to the cowpasture; but we were too late."
"Too late?" remarked one of the

crowd inquiringly.
"Yes, too late. One of those blasted mosquitoes had stuck his beak clean through a cow and pinned her to a tree. I was awfully sorry. One of the most valuable cows, you know.'

There was a moment's silence, during which the crowd looked at Jimson in admiration. Then the quiet little fellow

"Of course it killed the tree too?" "Oh, yes; split it right in two." "I thought likely.

Then there was another pause, and Pinney asked: "Did you ever see Barber & Jones'

boiler factory in the northern part of the State?" "No," responded Jimson. "I thought not." returned Pinney.

there that they keep for business pur-"What for?" queried one.
"He sticks his beak through the cop-

per plates, and then they rivet them. "Yes, indeed; but they've lost him. One day they riveted his beak into a

large boiler, and he flew away with the There was a look of awe on the faces

quiet nook where they could give vent to their emotions in tears. "Down in Pennsylvania," said the quiet little man in his quiet, unassuming way, "I once saw a mosquito of considerable size. He was placed on an immense raised platform about three hundred feet high, and had been

trained to use his beak to drill the oil One man groaned andib'y. "But what was he on the platform

for?" inquired Pinney.
"His beak was too long to be used on the ground. Why, one time he made a slip, and the blamed thing went clear through to China."

"Oh, come, now, that's too much," exclaimed several in unison. "Fact, I assure you. And that wasn't the worst of it. It clinched on the other side, and the darned mosquito

flew away with the world." There was a sound as of some one falling, and Pinney was carried out senseless. When the crowd returned, Jimson had died from mortification .-The Rambler.

—When Saakespeare wrote "My kingdom for a horse!" he showed that, with all his great knowledge, he was not ignorant of the ruling charges of the Long Branch hackmen.—Pack

FAMOUS GEYSERS.

Description of the Marvelous Boiling Springs of Iceland.

The most remarkable natural phenomenon in Iceland at the present time is the geysers, or boiling springs. They are to be found on a slightly elevated table-land in the valley of Hankadal. In the small space of about twenty acres there are no less than one hundred and fifty, reckoning pools and jets. It is supposed that the whole of these twenty acres is a crust covering a boffer, and that these springs are

the safety-valves. The first object that the traveler notices is a shallow stream, fed by the overflowing of a pool of unfathomable depth. This stream has the power of incrusting whatever is left in its current. Even its bed has undergone this process, and might be mistaken for white cement. The pool from which it issues is filled to the brim with the clearest water imaginable, of a temperature bordering on boiling. Its sides expand as it deepens, leaving the impression that it is a part of a vast cauldron covered with a thin crust.

The principal fountain is the Great Geyser, which is at the extremity of the eminence. The basin resembles a shallow bowl, gradually deepening to the orifice of the pipe in the center, where it reaches the depth of three feet. The diameter measures about fifty-six feet. It is, however, not quite circular, there being an indentation in the circumference. The pipe is per-fectly round and about twelve feet across. The depth is reckoned to be more than sixty feet. Mr. Dillon saw two eruptions of this geyser; one was of more than ten minutes' duration, and presented a column, or rather py-

ramid, of at least ninety feet. The day was calm, and consequently the jet was not broken into parts. After raging with incredible fury, it at once burst, and leaving the basin empty, deluged the outside with hot water, while running down in numberless rills, joined again in a stream at the foot of the geyser. The first glance at the geyser is said to be all-absorbing. It holds the spectator, as it were, under the influence of a spell, only broken by the final bursting of the giant column.

The other very remarkable geyser is called the Stokr, which means in Ice-landic the piston of a churn. It is higher than the Great Geyser, but not so large. It has no basin. There is seen merely a round hole, about ten feet in diameter, with water bubbling at a depth of fifteen feet. An eruption is sometimes effected by choking this hole with earth. Mr. Dillon and his two companions, on their celebrated visit, collected about a wagon-load of turf and peat. They put it round the edge of the hole, and put it round the edge of the hole, and, on a given signal, tumbled it into the For a second or two the boiling ceased; the water then suddenly rose to the top, and, darting through the air, formed a column about one hundred and twenty feet high. The turf was hurled out and lifted even higher than the water. The violence of the eruption exceeded that of the Great Geyser, and the column was much smaller in diameter. For thirty-five minutes it continued in an uninterrupted jet, tossing up large stones which were thrown at it, and casting them out like balls from a cannon.

The height of these two fountains has been estimated variously by different travelers. Some have given it at three hundred and forty feet, and others at seventy. Sir John Stanley measured them with a sextant, and found the Great Geyser to be ninetysix feet and Stokr one hundred and thirty. The eruptions are not always the same height, but it is believed that they have not varied much for many years.-Golden Days.

The Value of the Percheron Stud Book of France.

It contains the pedigrees and brief descriptions of about five thousand of the best bred Percherons, and none but the produce of recorded sire and dam are now eligible to entry. Every one is familiar with the old breeding axiom, "Like begets like or the likeness of some of its ancestors." From this alone the most obtuse mind will readily perceive that a knowledge of those ancestors is as necessary to the successful breeder as the perfection of the animal himself. Stud books are histories of the individuals of a breed, and They have a pretty large mosquito are, therefore, the only means by which there that they keep for business purpurposes can be measured; while the worth of animals of unknown ancestry however fine they may be, individually, can only be ascertained by experiment. This is the reason why animals of established pedigrees, tracing through a line of excellent ancestry, always com-mand higher prices. In this advanced age of scientific breeding any person attempting to disparage the value of of all beholders as Pinney finished.
Several rose and stole away to some through the means of stud books, must be actuated by selfish motives and should be regarded with suspicion. There are many horses being imported from France, of whose origin nothing is known.

Expense of English Aristocracy.

As almost every member of the Cattnet is either a Peer or a Peer's relative, it may be well to keep in mind what our peers and their relatives have received from the State between 1859 and 1884: Dukes, £9,760,000; Marquises, £8,305,950: Earls, £48,181,202. These are large sums, and assuredly no ten thousand families of those who are not Peers have received one-hundredth part of this amount. It may be an excellent plan that the Executive should be in the hands of the aristocracy, but cheap it is not. These Brahmins know how to take care of them-selves and their relations.—London

A Noted Ladies' Semin In no institution of learning in the country is a more complete education given than in the celebrated Notre Dame, near Baiti more, Maryland. The Sisters in charge say they find that Red Star Cough Cure suc-cessfully removes all colds and throat trou-bles among their pupils. It is absolutely free tross poison, and costs but twenty-five curis CHINESE EDITORS.

The Sang Froid With Which They Adapt elves to Circui

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not yet arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imita-tive. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American papers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks in a loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room fitted with an opium bunk and a lay-out. Evidences of domestic life are about the placepots, kettles and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job at washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far, either. -Literary World.

-To remove a spot of oil on the carpet, an exchange recommends the ap-plication of buckwheat. This looks like good advice. Buckwheats may be east of any size, and it must be a pretty large spot of oil that can't be covered with one of them. Indeed, an entire carpet of buckwheats would be unique and elegant .- Boston Transcript.

A Help to Good Digestion.

In the British Medical Journal Dr. W. Roberts, of England, discusses the effect of liquors, tea, coffee and cocca on digestion. All of them retard the chemical processes, but most of them stimulate the glandular activity and muscular contractions. Distilled spirits retard the salivary or peptic digestion but slightly when sparingly used. Wines were found to be highly injurious to salivary digestion. On peptic digestion all wines exert a retarding influence. They stimulate the glandular and muscular activity of the stomach. Effervescent wines exert the greatest amount of good with the least harm to digestion. When one's digestion is out of order everything goes awry, unless, as in the case of T. T. Seals, of Bellaire, Ohio, who had had bad dyspepsia for seven years, the digestive apparatus is kept in apple-pie eating order by Warner's Tippecanoe, the best appetite producer and regulator in the world.

Tea, even in minute quantities, completely paralyzes the action of the saliva. The tannin in strong tea is injurious. Weak tea should be used, if at all. Strong coffee and cocca are also injurious if used in expess.—The Cosmopolitan.

Auctioners have a nod way of receiving

Auctioneers have a nod way of receiving bids.—N. O. Picayune.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING. Interview with Mr. Wilson Soule, a Large

Representative Advertiser, as to Its Ber

Errom the New Haven (Conn.) Sunday Union, Oct. 18, 1885.]

Mr. Wilson Soule, Secretary and Treasurer of the Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company, has been spending the last two days here, arranging his advertising matters, and was interviewed by a Union reporter as to the results and the worth of newspaper advertising. He said that for the four years previous to 1878 they spent all their money in bill posting and circulars, from which they received no profit; in fact, they got back just about half what it cost them for making the medicine and printing and distributing the circulars.

In the spring of 1878 they placed an advertising order of \$40,000 with H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven. The results were sales of \$107.00. They increased the advertising the following year to \$100,000, the sales being \$300,000. The next year they spent \$120,000, with \$480,000 sales, and the next year the expenditure was slightly increased, as also the sales. They argue from this that nothing but sinon pure necespaper advertising, judiciously and thoroughly applied, is the sure road to success.

Winter is a trying season for bogs in Chicago.—Lowell Cilizen.

We often see children with red eruptions on face and bands, rough, scaly skin and often sores on the head. These things indi-cate a deprayed condition of the blood. In the growing period, children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. If Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given, the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scroftlous affections, rickets, fever-sores, hip-joint disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

Bogus butter-A goat without horns --

Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isasc Thompson's Eye Water Druggists sell it. 25c. A PUNHING young man-The scene shifter.

The Rambier.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. &c. ---

"What is laughter!" asks a philosopher. It is the sound you hear when your hat blows off.—Bloomington Eye.

"PLENTY of room at the top," remarked a dealer as he opened an apple barrel and found it only half full.—Dansville Breeze.

"I HEAR you have a new baby at your house." "Yes, and she is an excellent cook." "How's that!" "Well, she has been making us stir-about already."—Eoston Budget.

Husnand (trying to read)—What's that baby velling about now! Wife—Port little thing! She sees the moon through the window and is crying for it. Husband—Well, for heaven's sake let her have it, anything to stop that noise.—N. F. Sun.

"What great blessing do we enjoy that the heathens know nothing about!" inquired a Sunday-school teacher. "Soap!" was the answer that came out like the crack of a pistol from the small boy at the foot of the class.—Chicago Ledger.

GIANTS are always sorrowful men. They are always troubling people with their size.

Guest-I say, landlord, your food is worse than it was last year! Landlord-Impossible, sir. -N. Y. Telegram. A PRINTER called a newspaper cut of a fat pig a fine specimen of type-hog-raphy.

Bucker-shor dealers in Syracuse, N. Y., have failed because they were without the pale of credit.—Buffalo Express.

What senson of the year is most in need of a handkerchief! Winter, when it blows it snows.—Chicago Tribune. BILLURDS must be an easy game, for it's mostly done on cushions.—Stockton Memorick.

HUKOR has about the same enlivening effect an some people that a setting ben has on a china egg.—St. Paul Hereid.

A rown in Dahota has actually adver-tised for a brass band. Such things are only possible in the woolly West.—Phile-delphia Call.

"What a lovely complexion," we offee hear persons say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

"An artist in black"—A designing widow.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25

MILD, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

RED STAR SAFE. SURE.

EVERY CHILD Coughs, Croup Whooping Cough.



New Hollander (W. Australia). CONSUMPTION: WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.



Tou will get them by buying the RENDERSON EX-TRA ARCTICS. One pair of them will outwear two

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Of all the Magazines. Illustrated with Original Steel Eugras ings, Photogravures and Oil Pictures. Each copy of "Demorest's Monthly Magazine" contains A Coupen Order, entitling the holder to the selection of any pattern illustrated in the fashion department in that number, in any of the sizes manufactured. Subscribers or Paternisers sending the coupen with a twiscent stamp for nostage, will receive by return mail, a complete pattern, of the size and kind they may select, from the Magazine containing the order.

ONLY TWO DOLLARS r, including twelve full size, cut patterns, of sizes its selected.

twenty cents for the current number with Pattern and you will certainly subscribe for a year and

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Ministers.
Rev. H. H. Fatrall, D. CATARRH CREAM BALM D., Editor of the Iouca Methodist, says editori-CATARAN MEAN ally, in the Novembe (1983) number of his pa lieve that, by a th ment, it will cur

CURES CUARANTEED

DY Send St. C. St or St for a sample but by express, of choice Candy, ele-mantly put up. Write to MANNING f. Confectioners, ET Main St. Kansan City, Mo

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THE TRIBUNE is the liveliest Republican new-paper in the United States. Its stanch fight for Blaine and Logan will not be forgotten by subscribers to the Campaign Weekly of 1884.

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THE TRIBUNE will try to show its patrons that the Republican party is best fitted to rule the country which it saved.

This will be a stirring winter with the Republicans in Congress and a still more stirring time for the Democrats in the National Administration. THE TRIBUNE will help to keep things moving all along the line.

the line.

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the world regardless of expense, and prints it in an attractive and intelligent shape.

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THE TRIBUNE prints each week in its Saturday and Weeky Editions a \$10 Prize Story selected from a large and constantly growing number submitted in competition, and it has two pages of selected matter especially intended for home and freside reading.

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patches from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all financial centers.

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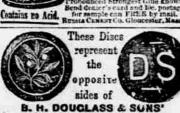
THE THIBUNE employs a competent person whose sole duty it is to supervise the Agricultural and Live-Stock Departments, in which will be found the latest intelligence concerning farm topics, animal diseases and the remedies for the same, the dairy, the stable, seeding and harvesting, and all kindred matters.

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getting up clubs.

The terms of THE WEEKLY for one year are set follows: Single copy, \$1.00; for 5 Weekiles (one free to Agent), \$5.0. A cash rebate of 20 per cent, is abto one address, making the Weekly sell for 50 cents per year to clubs of five or more. Specimen copies sent free.





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(SEWAGE OF IMITATIONS.)

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LANDS in Mintesota, Dokota, Montara,
tho, Washington and Oreson. This Montara. washington Lands new open to Settler, cand Timber Lands new open to Settler, Aid esr, CMAS. B. LAMBORN

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MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY, 146 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. & Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALT-ER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse, Eam-

SO'S CURE FOR coats where All else falls. Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION